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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

PUCK

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AN OLD SAYING TWISTED.
WHEN "HONEST MEN" FALL OUT, THIEVES HAVE TO SUFFER.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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The Book of the Season.

PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1884. For sale throughout the habitable and uninhabitable globe. Price 25 cents.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"Tell the truth!"
—Grover Cleveland.

And the truth is told. An honest man, a useful and upright citizen, a trusted and trustworthy public official, the life-long friend and servant of the people, has been assailed with an accusation so cruel, immoderate and shocking that its very impudence gave it a certain currency. His best friends stopped to ask themselves: Is it possible that we have been mistaken in this man?—that under our very eyes he has led a life of which we knew nothing?—that he is the brutal profligate that he is described? They turned to him to ask: What shall you do to meet these charges? His answer came prompt and clear: "Tell the truth!" And now, after the most thorough investigation, we have the truth, the simple and unimpeachable truth. And what is it?

* * *
Twelve years ago he was in intimate relations with a woman, a widow of forty. He voluntarily accepted the paternity of a child born to this woman. For the support of mother and child he provided more than liberally, and in the end, it was his generosity that enabled the woman to lead a virtuous life in a distant place. With the misfortunes which she brought upon her own head he had nothing whatever to do, directly or indirectly. He was honorable and generous to her, first and last. And on this poor foundation is built the sickening slander which has defiled this Presidential campaign as no other has been defiled in this generation.

* * *
We are glad to say that after having carefully studied the results of investigations which we have every reason to consider thoroughly trustworthy, we look upon Governor Cleveland with a new respect and admiration. With the private associations of a private individual we have nothing to do. But with the conduct of the man when such relations become a matter of public concern we have much to do. Here is a man, who, placed in a peculiarly painful situation, has borne himself with dignity and honor. He needed no compulsion to do his duty. He bore nobly and bravely the burden that he had taken upon himself. He showed no cowardice, no meanness, where it was easy to be cowardly and mean. He resisted temptations to selfishness which would have overcome most men. And of the unwritten story of self-sacrifice and patient devotion we have

only this to say—that those who have heard it as strangers are now the friends of Grover Cleveland.

* * *
Tell the truth! That is the pass-word of the campaign. It is no tricky politician's catch-phrase, no cheap generality such as form the stock-in-trade of Mr. Blaine's shouting hordes. It was the simple and manly thing to say, at a critical moment, and it was said in all manliness and simplicity. It has gone on record. But how will the stammering lips of those who are trying to excuse Mr. Blaine's short-comings learn to say the brief shibboleth? What have they to do with telling of the truth? They can do anything but that. They can argue in sophistries, they can prevaricate and lie and brag and bluster to cover up the rotten record. They can be smart and aggressive and magnetic. But they can not tell the truth. They can wring from reluctant Government officials the money that is to "win over" the doubtful States. But with the simple truth they can not gain one honest vote. They put Mr. Cleveland to the most outrageous ordeal that desperation could invent. They have seen him come forth honored of all just men, to fling down his challenge to their candidate. And will they let him be put to the test? Never. To Blaine, the truth is Death.

* * *
We had sincerely hoped that we should not be forced to take notice of the infamous element of scandal which Mr. Blaine's followers have introduced into this campaign. It is something alien to American politics, and repulsive to all clear-minded people. But this is a personal contest, rather than a battle between two parties, and PUCK, as an Independent, is heart and soul on the side of the man who can be trusted and against the man who can not be trusted. Had the Republicans put forward, as we expected they would, an honorable man like Edmunds or Lincoln, we should have felt that it mattered little which party won the fight—if the Democratic nominee were an equally worthy man. But with Mr. Blaine nominated for the chief ruler of this country, we feel that there is nothing for us to do but to fight against the disgrace of his election, or be mute partners in dishonor. With Mr. Cleveland as the alternative candidate, our task is light and grateful. With full confidence in his power and in his integrity, we support him, not as a Republican paper, not as a Democratic paper, but as an Independent paper. Independent PUCK has been from the beginning; Independent PUCK will continue. And to-day, more than ever before, Independence is needed—the Independence that owes fidelity to Right and Truth alone.

* * *
Mother Mandelbaum seems likely to be the unconscious and involuntary instrument of much good. The fight that has arisen over that ancient mother in Israel between the Police Central Office and the District Attorney is stirring up the muddy waters of corruption, and if anybody succeeds in touching bottom, that mud-puddle may be cleared out. There is no use in speaking ill of the Hebrew race. The Jew is a valuable citizen. Even in criminal life, we see that a female "fence" of the Jewish persuasion may be a valuable factor in the work of municipal reform. Israel is not dead yet, by any means.

* * *
The meanest part of all this business of assessing office-holders is the jog it gives to corruption. When you teach a man that he must buy his office under Government, and pay a yearly rent for it on top of that, you have gone a long way toward teaching him that he must steal enough to make the office pay him. Of course this is not a consideration likely to have weight with the Elkinses and the Raums and

the Claytons; but it ought to influence the common citizen to try to get rid of men who thus conspire to ruin the public service.

* * *
The solitary member of the Board of Aldermen who voted against Broadway's being handed over to a corporation was called by his fellows a "kicker." Well, perhaps he was, metaphorically; but honest citizens can not help regretting that it was not in the power of this brave individual to physically kick—and soundly, too—all the remaining members of the august body, with a view to their ultimately being kicked by the public out of the position they disgrace. It is a pleasing fiction to suppose that the Aldermen represent the citizens of New York. They represent them about as much as the inmates of Sing Sing represent the State, or the New York Sun and Star represent the Democratic Party. In the language of the Englishman, John Bright, the Aldermen are the "spawn" of corrupt "halls" and disreputable political cliques, and their existence must reconcile us more than ever to having an honest autocratic ruler over the city, and to the sweeping off from the earth of the Board of Aldermen.

* * *
The action of these individuals can not surprise anybody. It is one of the easiest things in the world to give away what does not belong to you; but it is fortunate that three commissioners appointed by the Supreme Court have yet to decide whether Broadway is or is not to be disfigured by a horse-railroad. Broadway has no more use for a horse-railroad than a soldier has for a pocket. There are quite enough railroads in New York City proper, and it is time that Aldermen and Legislators ceased surrendering the streets to enrich private individuals. It is of no consequence whether or not the property-owners give their consent. The streets do not belong to the property-owners; they belong equally to all the citizens, and should not be presented to private individuals or grasping corporations without the special consent of the great majority of the inhabitants. We do not know the exact terms of the charters of existing horse-railroads; but as the people gave them, the people can surely take them away, and indeed it is high time that some of them were revoked. No man nor no company should be permitted to grow rich at the expense of the people when the people furnish the material to enable them to do it.

* * *
Take, for instance, the Third Avenue horse-railroad. Here is a company that has watered its stock beyond all recognition to conceal its stupendous profits. And what has it done for the people? It certainly has not paid for the land over which its cars run. All it has done is to put down some rails, get a few dirty cars and spavined horses to drag them, grind down to the lowest penny its drivers and conductors, and then repose on a couch of roses to rake in money for the remainder of its life. On great thoroughfares that must always be thoroughfares, no horse-railroad company should be allowed to make more than the lowest rate of interest on the *actual* capital invested—no fraudulent watering. Anything over that should go to the city, which should be empowered to call upon the corporation to surrender the road at any time on payment of its cost. It is enterprise to construct a road from New York to Chicago, to build a large dry-goods store; and the projectors are entitled to their legitimate profits; but it is not enterprise to build a horse-railroad on Broadway—which must afford a princely return—any more than it is to put up a block of brown-stone houses in Central Park if the land could be obtained; it is naught but knavery and jobbery for which the people must suffer by the surrender of their rights in perpetuity.

FITZNOODLE AT HOME.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN DANGER.

Grosvenor Square, London, W. 3
August 1st, 1884.



Ya-as, I don't we-membah having felt in such a aw dweadful state of mind faw ye-ahs. It is weally quite too awfully horwible. I warely allow any mattah to twouble me to any considerwable extent; but 'pon my life, ye know, when bwutal and cwuel

attacks are made upon the conservative pillah of the aw Bwitical Constitution, I am pained and distwessed, and keenly experwience the dis-gwace of being an Englishman. The outwageous and widiculous ide-ah of attempting to do away with the House of Lords! I wondah how any abominable wadical can west comforably durwing the night aftah having given expwession to such a fe-ahful pwoposition?

Were it not faw the comforting assurwances of numbahs of my fwieds, I shouwd emigwate immediately to aw Amerwica, or some pwimite place of that charwactah, and endeavah to lose my identity among the ordinary herd of the human wace. I nevah dweamt, when I did not expwess my disappwoval of the furthah extension of the fwanchise, that I shouwd evah

he-ah of anybody's having the consummate ef-wonterwy to bwoach such a wuinous ide-ah.

Stafford Northcote, although he is something of a potterwy old woman, has twied his best to console me. Salisburwy, and even young Randolph Churchill, who is also a bit of a baw, have been runnung arround to see me all the time, and have taken care that the doctahs administah pwopah quantities of bwomide to soothe my nerves. Mrs. Fitznoodle, I wegwt to say, laughs at me faw my fe-ahs, and, it appe-ahs to me, encourwages the young-stah to do the same thing.

I felt quite humiliated the othah day. Bertie Wales called on me durwing the morning to have a chat wegarding the dangerwous situation. The Pwince wemarked with his peculi-ah lisp:

"I wathah think there will be no twouble, Fwancis. Gladstone and my mothah will be able to arwange everwything amicably."

"Your Woyal Highness," I said, in weepy: "I am weally fast coming to the conclusion that John Bwight, Joseph Chamberlain and Gladstone ought to be placed in the pillorwy or stocks, or something of that charwactah, for their wadicalism."

Then my wife's countenance became weathed with smiles, and I got verwy wed in the face, but said nothing. But I didn't like it, though, and changed the aw subject.

If these wretched wadicals abolish the House of Lords, I shall at once dwop my courtesy title, and change my name to John Smith or Bwown or Wobinson, pwovided the Queen gwaciously appwoves of it aw.

OUR NURSE-GIRLS—A FACT.



Mistress goes away for the day, and tells nurse-girl to take children to the seaside.



At the seaside. Nurse disappears—children lost—lots of other children lost.



EXPLANATION—NURSES AT THE RACES.

Puckerings.



I 'VE A TELEGRAM sent by "Harry,"
It asks me to go to the Beach,
And the eloquent lines before me
Flatter and urge and beseech.

To the Beach!—with its bright buoyant breakers,
With its stretch of smooth marble-like sands,
With its murmur and rustle of romance
That the heart hears and quick understands!

To the Beach!—where the fluctuant waters
Throb in time to the beat of our hearts,
Where the tender-keyed music of ocean
Shall seem of our being a part!

To the Beach!—where we 'll gather the seaweed
And sit on the sand in the sun,
Beneath my red parasol shaded,
Till the glory of daylight is done!

To the Beach!—where we 'll watch o'er the heaving
And tremulous breast of the sea,
The moon as she rises in beauty,
And lights up my Harry and me.

To the Beach!—oh, the note is suggestive
Of dinner and Pommery fizz—
But his first name is all that he 's signed here,
And I don't know which Harry it is!

A MUSHROOM—A Luncheon Dairy.

THE GOODWOOD CUP—The Quassia Goblet.

SATURNIAN DECREE—Maud S. can take the Oil-Cake, and Eat it, too.

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT—Better a Poor Cab in New York than a Bi-Cycle in Cathay.

WHEN THE echos of Mr. Schurz's speech have ceased to reverberate, will our own Éverts kindly come out of his hole and let us see if he has any whisper left in him?

Now you have laid the corner-stone; but it may be some time before the Bartholdi statue arrives. In the meantime I should very much like to sign a contract to stand in its place.

B-NJ-M-N F. B-TL-R.

HOST OF G. W. TO J. G. B.—"I can not tell a lie; therefore I admit having appropriated some of the phrases of your letter of acceptance in the preparation of my own Farewell Address."

WHAT IS that, mother? Is it a breeze that sweeps across the dudes, and makes them shiver softly with tremulous gladness, and sets their silver-headed canes knocking together and their thin legs rattling? Or is it an earthquake that makes them happy? No, my son; they have just heard the news that Lilian Russell is coming back.

MAUD S. BEAT the record, did she? Think that's something great, do you? Bless your sweet little soul, our own particular Maud S. beat her own record the other day by three water-ices, two éclairs, one cream-cake, one plate of peaches-and-cream, half-a-pound of candied fruit and three bananas. And nobody said anything about it. Except the doctor. He said it was just what he expected.

RANK IN RAZORS.

The other morning Vogelschaft von Gunzenhauser, the popular barber, employed a new artist in his establishment. After he had made all the necessary arrangements, and had given the preliminary instructions in such case made and provided, he inveigled the new man behind the case in which the cigars and paper-collars are kept, and said:

"I wish now to enlighten you a little on a matter of great importance—"

"I understand the whole business, sir," said the new man: "I understand it all, including the conversations to be held with customers on the weather, politics, the condition of the razor, and the merits of our great hair-renewer, made by ourselves on the premises, entirely of vegetables; don't you think you'd like to try a bottle to-day, sir? your hair is getting a little thin on top, etc."

Vogelschaft von Gunzenhauser smiled:

"I see you know the business," he said: "yet I fear that you only know the business as it exists on Fifth Avenue. Did you ever work in a Greenwich Street shop before?"

"No," replied the new man.

"Well, then, I must tell you about the razors."

Turning quickly around, Vogelschaft von Gunzenhauser took down five razors, and looked his new man straight in the eye.

"This one," commenced Vogelschaft von Gunzenhauser, trying the blade on his thumbnail, to see if it would cut a hair: "is the best



razor in the shop. We use this one on dude tourists who stop in on their way up from the Boston boats. It is also kept in shape for the man who comes in and gets shaved three times a week, and gives me a fee occasionally."

He looked at the new man interrogatively, to ascertain if he had taken in the situation thoroughly; and, having satisfied himself that he had, Vogelschaft von Gunzenhauser scratched his left knee-pan with his right foot, which was a way he had of expressing his delight, opened this razor, and remarked:

"This blade is used for prying up tacks and to shave the man who comes in twice a week,

and makes it a point not to pay regularly; also never to offer the barber a fee."



He was silent for a moment, to allow the new man to absorb the lesson. Then he said:

"This razor, whose blade looks like a broken window-pane, is reserved for that festive in-



dividual who comes in on Sunday morning, and sits around for three hours, and reads all the papers, and spits tobacco-juice on the mirror."

"Now, this one, which bears such a striking resemblance to a meat-saw, is the blade that is always on deck for the man who doesn't come in regularly or pay regularly—the man who



comes in about once in ten days, and pays once in six weeks, and never comes in until his beard is as long and sharp as a barbed fence. Always look out for this man, because there is never a fee—not even a little bit of a small fee."

"Is that all?" inquired the new man.

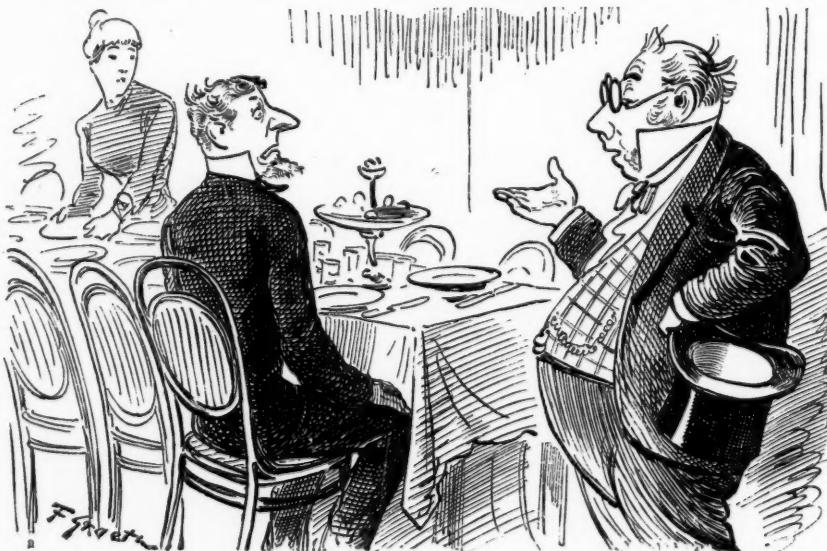
"No; there is one more razor. When this razor is not being used to clean out or rake the stove, it is reserved for the man who owes a two or three months' bill, and comes in occasionally to get shaved, only as an excuse to borrow money from me. Look out for this man, and shave him under the skin—as far under it as possible; and, besides, leave the door open, to



give him a cold. Don't give him any political information; and when you shave his upper lip pull his nose back so far that he may look down his nostrils if he wishes to."

He promised to obey the rules, and proceeded to take off his coat, while old Gunzenhauser smiled as he put some sand on the floor.

A SCHEME FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.



LONG-HEADED TEUTON LANDLORD.—"Vell, Mr. Schmidt, ash you vos der only boarder, my wife und me, ve t'ought you might feel lonely, ain'd it? und so ve don'd kif you no reckular dinner, don'd it? und be you'd like to gone into der kitchen, frently like, und take your Frankfurter sausage mit my wife und me, all alone, don'd it?"

POETRY AND FREE TRADE.

There are Free Trade poets as well as Protection poets. A man with a bundle of books and papers under his arm, long hair, a slouch hat and an uncertain eye requested an interview with the Editor, and thus he spoke:

"I don't know what the politics of your paper are; but I am anxious to point out to you the advantages of Free Trade and the drawbacks of Protection. I am—"

"Will you be good enough to state your business, as I am pressed for time?"

"Yes, I understand. I have studied the science of Free Trade. Without it my fellow-citizens must necessarily become degraded and reduced to the lowest depths of poverty. Protection narrows the mind. It inflicts on the poverty-stricken toiler untold—"

"You must condense your ideas if you wish me to listen to you," remarked the Editor, losing patience.

"Well, sir, what I wanted to say was that I have written a poem in favor of Free Trade, which, I think, is suitable for your columns. It begins:

Protection is a very bad thing,
To ruin it does mankind bring."

"If you'll leave the poem with me," said the Editor, angrily: "I will read it and send it back, if unsuitable."

But the Poet would not stop.

"Another of the verses is:

The duties of the poor man are very hard,
Which is not soft on the feelings of the bard."

"I can't listen to you any longer. I have no time to lose."

"I am aware, sir," continued the Poet: "that the lines are not all in strict metre; but a word or two can be changed, and it will come out all right. A bard, in that last line, you know, means a poet. I'm a bard. Now, tell me, don't you think this is a pretty striking sentiment:

British iron ought to be free,
Just as is coffee and so is tea?"

"I refuse to listen to another line. You positively must go."

"Oh, I'll go. I am willing to go. I simply wish to point out to you what a very poor show in argument the party has who advocates Free Trade. This, I think, I express very clearly in these lines:

These are right down bottom facts:
On nothing should there be a tax,
Not on cottons nor on wood,
And woolens, be it understood,
Nor boxes that do music play,
Nor china which is made of clay.
It is not fair to man or beast
And others sitting at this feast,
Who want to have whate'er they can
Together with their fellow-man.
There should be no tariff at all,
Neither in Winter nor in Fall.
If all the nations—"

The Editor had had enough. He ordered the bard out of the office, and took hold of the intruder's collar to precipitate his departure.

"There is not the least necessity to use violence. I will go, sir. May I ask if you call your paper a friend of the people, when you refuse to discuss this important subject?"

"We are making honesty, not Free Trade, the issue of this campaign; but be off," and the Editor glared an unrighteous glare at the bard.

"Ah," answered the Poet, as he moved toward the door: "some of the last lines of my poem would have convinced you. I know I ain't exactly a professional; but you could put it all into shape:

Without Free Trade you can't build ships,
And we most foreign commerce consequently skips;
There are so many lands—"

The last line was probably repeated in the street by the Free Trade Poet to himself. It did not reach the ears of the Editor.

CAMPING.

This is the season of the year when people go camping—at least, some people do; mostly those who have never been before.

The typical camp is pretty familiar to the general reader. It consists mainly of a tent, a couple of blankets, a hole in the ground and a dog. The tent is used to shelter in until it rains, and then it is the best place on the premises for anybody who wants to get wet. The blankets are intended for slumbering purposes; but after the first night they are generally required to keep the rain out of the meal and the bugs out of the sugar.

The hole in the ground is the kitchen. The cooking is done there. The cooking is a good deal like the hole. No particular use has ever been discovered for the dog. But he is always there. He makes himself useful, mainly, in eating up the lard and tipping over the milk-pail. These are the only refreshments that he ever has. His favorite occupation in the night is to sit close by the tent-door, with his mouth open, and keep the moon off.

We forgot to mention the campers. These are usually male and female—either or both. They wear blue flannel day and night, and have sunburned noses. They are generally better fed than the dog, but not quite so lean. They live on whatever the cook gets up for them. Sometimes he only gets up early in the morning. Then the campers are very indignant because he did not let them know that the provisions were out.

The cook can always be distinguished from the rest of the party by the crook on his nose and the way he skulks about among the trees. He and the dog are generally the most cordial enemies. This is not healthy for the dog; but he can't help it.

Camping-parties usually remain out until the first or second rain. Some of them stand it a week. A good deal depends on the cook. Most cooks can break up the longest-winded camping-party inside of ten days. Some can do it in a day.

The time in camp is usually spent in various ways. Some go a-fishing. But as those who catch the fish are expected to clean them, this sport is not considered very exciting.

The best fun is boating without fishing, and bathing. Most campers' boats furnish bathing and boating facilities at the same time. This is very convenient for those who are too lazy to undress. Most campers are desperately lazy. Their food has something to do with it. Where there are males and females, the bathing has to be done in bathing-suits. This is very amusing, because you can never tell whether a camper is going bathing or going out under the trees to write poetry. The bathing-suit and the camping-suit are just alike.

As a rule, nobody ever falls in love while out camping. This is what makes mixed parties so safe. It looks awfully dangerous in theory, but when it comes to practice, there isn't anything dangerous about it. A creature who is perfectly lovely in a ball-dress can't smite worth a cent in a blue flannel blouse, with a man's big straw hat tied down over her ears and the skin peeling off the end of her nose. She is just a jolly little insignificant camper—that's all. Nobody thinks of falling in love with a camper.

And as for the males—why, all you need is to just see one of them. You would think they were all looking for a job on the railroad. They wouldn't be allowed to walk single file with a squad of tramps. Camps are great places to cure love, too. If the young man who goes away to a foreign land with a broken heart, trying to forget her—trying in vain, while his heart-strings ache and his appetite dwindles down to a fine point—if this poor love-sick

THE FROG AND THE BULLS.

AN OLD FABLE IN A NEW LIGHT.



CROAKER KELLY.—"I'll show 'em that I am as big as either Party, or Bust in the Attempt!"

young man could only camp for a week in a party with his dear idol, he would come home with an enormous hankering for roast-beef and a big comfortable patch of contentment on his broken heart. Lots of married people have come mighty near curing their love in camp. It's a risky experiment, and all true lovers will be wisely advised to fight shy of it.

If there is any day in camp which stands out in the memory of the happy tenters with peculiar delightfulness and brightness, it is breaking-up day. Oh, how glad they all are to start for home! Not that they haven't had a pleasant time—far from that; but, after all, the chief charm of getting away anywhere is getting back again, you know. And then, think of a real cooked dinner on a real table, without bugs! It is enough to make the most bigoted camper lick his chops and relent. The happiest member of the party, when the tent comes down and goes into the bag, is the dog. The next happiest is the cook.

Away goes the merry crowd in the lumber-wagon, singing "Home, Sweet Home" as if their hearts would burst. The dog gambols alongside; the driver shouts and cracks his whip; the children laugh and whistle; and nothing appears to look very sad except the face of the farmer of whom they have bought eggs and milk, and the big hole where the cook has crooked his nose and vented his long-dormant profanity.

PAUL PASTNOR.

THE REASON WHY.

"They call Blaine 'the Plumed Knight'; who knows for what reason?

Was he ever in battle by land or by sea?"
When he went on his knees for the Mulligan letters
He showed the white feather conspicuous.
Then mount your white plumes, boys, no matter the weather,

Though beaten by storm and though draggled by rain;
And when scoffers jeer at the shabby white feather,
You only need point to the record of Blaine.

WUG MUM P.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE THING that breaks the heart of the boot-black at the seaside is to see every lawn-tennis-playing dude wandering around all day in canvas shoes and during the evening in patent-leather pumps.

AT THE present writing we can not think of anything that annoys the man who lives in a dandy cottage at the seashore more than to have about fifty people drop in on him every day to see if his is a boarding-house, and to secure his rates.

THE MOST effectual manner of getting rid of mosquitos every time is to arise in the morning when they have settled on the wall to digest your blood and knock them out. Don't resort to that vulgar practice of killing them with a wet towel, because you run a great risk of missing the mosquito, and whether you miss it or not, you spoil the wall. The proper way to do is to have red paper on the walls, that the mosquito may not leave a cardinal impression on bursting. And then you should don a pair of boxing-gloves, and go for the mosquitos. This will train you in the arts of straight-hitting and distance-calculating, and will likewise give you good exercise and an appetite for your breakfast.

THE LAW FIRM of Lord, Day & Lord were recently swindled by their clerk, William E. Scovil, who at the present is very much at large. "But," remarks one member of the firm: "we have reason to believe that he will be captured soon. There are no new developments in regard to his rascalities. I think we have ascertained enough to show that there were no confederates; but I may be mistaken." We never make it a point to give lawyers advice without charge; but, at the same time, we can not help throwing aside our icy reserve for just once, and telling the law firm of Lord, Day & Lord that the best way to get their shekels back into their purses is to offer to defend the ever festive William E. Scovil in the courts of law.

GENTLE HOOSIERER.

A VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN SONG.*

AIR—*Troubadour Enchanting.*

—LURLINE.

Hoosiereer enchanting,
Office-seeker brawling,
With thy moustache slanting
Over chin so queer!
While the taxed clerks raise the dust,
Forward without fear!
Bust old Lindley Murray's crust—
Gentle Hoosiereer!

Hoosiereer enchanting,
When the hoodlums calling,
Bid thee (firmly planting
Feet for action clear)
Knock the spots right royally
Out of Webster's A, B, C!
Chaw up Etymology—
Gentle Hoosiereer!

F. W. P.

* The unfortunate fact that "slogan" and "brogan" are the only dictionary words that rhyme with Logan, has forced the writer to fall back on certain glittering generalities of the pinchback category.

TO A GIDDY YOUNG THING.

[XX.]



who is to be the mother of future Congressmen, it will be a good time for me to buzz in your pinkest ear.

Female suffrage isn't what we need to raise the price of wheat so much as some other things. In this land of the brave and home of the free, me own native land, if you please, each name represents the labors, the trials and victories of a life-time.

America permits every infant born under the Star Spangled Banner—long may it wave—to begin the work of making of himself or herself, as the case may be, something or nothing. Is not that true, Ethel? Blood and lineage high don't count much here, Ethel. I'd rather have good, vigorous plebeian blood in America, Ethel, than to have royal blood with trichinæ in it. With a pure heart and a liver that will not shirk any responsibility, we may accomplish much. So it is not, after all, the pedigree or the prerogative which is to make Rome howl, fair maid.

There are men in this great land, Ethel, who swing their hats and howl and get drunk and vote, who do not know so much all their lives as you forget when you are asleep. So it's not a question of qualification, you see, but—let us step into the conservatory a moment while I murmur into your ear a thought which came to me several years ago. Which would you prefer, Ethel, to run the Government or to run the man who runs the Government?

I see by the tell-tale color that comes and goes in your cheek, and by the manner in which you struggle to swallow your fan, that you twig.

Mind you, I do not say that the object of a joyous being like yourself should be to marry a man and run him; but I say this without fear of successful contradiction, that the overwhelming percentage of my own sex enters the marriage state during life. Continuing the argument from this premise, I am led to say, and still without fear of successful contradiction, that in each case where I have looked up the data, I have found that these men have married one of your sex.

This leads me to say that while marriage may not be an object toward which we should struggle, it is a condition of things which is certainly alarmingly prevalent.

And that is why I say that female suffrage need not rack your gentle mind. Let that job out. Be the natural, noble, unreasonable, irresistible, hilarious, tearful, comforting, sunny package of strawberry-and-cream contradictions that you are now, only try to be sensible and useful, and you will be solid with the masses, Ethel, you will be solid with the masses.

So live that when thy summons comes to join the matrimonial caravan that moves toward the connubial goal, thou go not like the



—To run the man who runs the Government.—

half-paid hired-man, bugging potatos; but, sustained and soothed by common-sense, approach thy doom like one who wraps the cellar-door about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BILL NYE.

PUCK SHALL DECIDE WHEN PUNDITS DISAGREE.

The Widow Butler expresses an amorous desire to be put in immediate possession of the name and address of the author of the following ecstatic lines:

"I never had a bit of toast,
However good and wide,
But it always fell on the sanded floor,
And on the buttered side."

And, as if doubtful of all contemporaneous knowledge, the Widow naively adds: "La! what an nod man you are, Mr. Homer."

Thereupon the editor of the *Sun*, who, from some unexplained cause, appears to consider himself the High Priest of Hebetudinous Apollo, promptly girds up his loins for the occasion, and, while evading the main point at issue—*i. e.*, the question of authorship—hurls an arrow at the accuracy of the quotation. He thinks the second line should read:

"Particularly good and wide,"

and that there may be other inaccuracies in the succeeding lines, which will be seen into later.

Next comes the editor of the *Herald*, determined as ever not to be outdone in journalistic enterprise, either as regards profound literary research or exact topographic delineation, (as witness his numerous and brilliant foreign war-maps,) who flouts the critical acumen of the *Sun* god, and declares the original rendering, *verbatim et literatim*, to be:

"I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly wide,
But if it fell upon the floor—
'Twas on the buttered side."

Then another editor has "an impression that all these learned authorities are wrong," but wisely refrains from committing himself on so grave and weighty a subject.

But cudgel your brains no more about it, worthy gentlemen, for the dull ass will never mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say this is the true version, as guaranteed by PUCK:

"I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly hard and flat,
But, when it fell upon the floor,
'Twas gobbled by the Thomas-cat."

And furthermore expound for the benefit of all concerned that the author is none other than Hafiz, the Persian Insect Powder Poet—a base imitator of V. Hugo Dusenbury, *P. P.*

BEN AND CHARLIE.

GLEN COVE.—General Benjamin F. Butler was this week the guest of Charles A. Dana, at the latter's beautiful place near this village.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The sun, dimmed with a mosquito-net of white mist, was sinking behind a curtain of fleecy clouds previous to its final retirement for the night, when two individuals might have been seen in a cosy arbor situated on the top of an overhanging cliff, the foot of which met the waters of the Sound. The air was filled with fragrance from the *reina finas* they were enjoying, and before them were tiny cups of the best Mocha, while two half-emptied liqueur-glasses with a rich amber-colored fluid kept the cups company.

The more striking in appearance of the two gentlemen was the stouter. His glance betrayed an uncertain quality of vision, and there was a breezy air about him which betokened freedom from conventionality and great independence of spirit. He was not a man that could be met without the person who encountered him turning round to take another view of his features.

The other person wore a gray beard and a bald head. His face was intellectual; but no one, if he saw him in a crowd, would be likely to exclaim "Who's he?"

"Now," said the man with the breezy air: "tell me, Charlie, what you think of my chances of election."

"Ben, dear boy," returned the gray-bearded sage: "you know that I am always right. Except on a few occasions I have never been known to make a mistake. I refer principally to my prophecies with regard to the election of Seth Low as Mayor of Brooklyn, my remarks about Holman, and the nomination of Cleveland. The outlook could not be better—you will be elected."

"Do you know, Charlie," answered the breezy man: "I begin to think so myself. With two strings to my bow, I don't see very well how I am to fail. Just think what speeches I shall be able to make on Greenbackism and Anti-Monopoly! I tell you, at the Chicago Convention the delegates were just spell-bound with my eloquence. I could have got the Democratic nomination by merely asking for it. But, Lord bless you, I didn't want it. I am glad Cleveland has it; he's about the easiest man for me to beat."

"Have you any important news from the Greenback districts?" inquired the gray-bearded host, as he sipped his Curaçoa.

"Lots of it; see here," and the distinguished guest pulled out of his capacious pocket a number of letters and telegrams. Our gains are simply tremendous. In Minnesota I am to get seven votes. These men were all Democrats, but they have promised their votes to me. Then I met several friends on Broadway last week who'll cast their ballots for yours truly. Two or three hundred men in Illinois are also solid for the ticket. It's positively surprising. Never expected such luck. I am pretty sure of a round thousand, or may be eleven hundred votes. I have a clear gain of three in Colorado and Brooklyn."

"President Butler that is to be, I hail you as the deliverer of our native land from the thrall of tyrants!" exclaimed the Sage, rising and grasping both his friend's hands: "I am not amazed at your triumphs; it is no more than I expected—in short, no more than I told you—than I prophesied. With the votes you have, and the voters I can influence with the *Sun* that shines for all—you know they number at least five millions—you are practically elected. And when you have served two terms, I pledge you my honor that I will not oppose you for a third term. Of course I don't ask for anything; but, just for the honor of the

FREDDY'S SLATE

And the Little Letter that Came with It this Week.

Atlantic Beach, }
August 12th, 1884. }

DEAR PUCK:

Freddy will not send you any cartoon this week. He is not drawing cartoons just now.

All the cartoons there are around I am drawing. This is one of my cartoons. Perhaps it isn't pretty; but it is true.

It is a cartoon of Freddy. It shows you just how he looks now. I got him that way. He is not as pretty as he was. But he knows a lot more.

His disease was mashing my girl. I believe he told you it was boss fun as far as he had got. Well, he hadn't got far enough then.

When he got as far as me, the fun wasn't so boss. I can run my own girls.

I hope you will like this cartoon. I ain't so particular about spelling as Freddy is; but I am awful particular about my girls.

Yours respectfully,

JIM JOHNSON.

P. S.—Send his slight bac.



thing—you know I don't want the money—if you should happen to have a loose Secretaryship of State, or British or French Minister vacancies, it would be as well to let me know. Let us return to the house and read up a little Political Economy for your campaign."

"A LIGHT MAN," by Henry James, is not an autobiography, strange as it may appear.

A LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.—"Dear Sir: We shall be happy to use your poem, "Goldenrod" in our next issue.

Yours very truly,
THE EDITOR."

TELL THE TRUTH. —Grover Cleveland.

Did you speak to me, sir? —J. G. Blaine.

ANOTHER DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

When you think of me, the sender, excuse, I pray, this rhyme to Hendricks. (True the farmers sometimes mend ricks—Ricks of hay; but this with Hendricks No concern has.) Though he render exasperated and engender ex-cited feelings in the tender ex-positor of Blaine, defendrix Gail, who would be Presidentrix If the fair and female gender excluded now from voting went tricks—(Fitt!—fizz—zz—zz—) pen—(sh! sh! Sh! sh!—) hen—(sh!—s—s—s—s—) (Sh—siss—siss s—s!)

Bang!!!
Hurrah for ould Oireland!!
G. LARRABEE LUM.

Answers for the Anxious.

JOHN H. FULLER.—Much obliged; but we doubt whether it would be a very good scheme. We shall keep the suggestion in mind, however, and perhaps some day genius may repeat itself for your benefit.

To the Editor of PUCK.—Sir:

Great heavens! what a damaging (?) letter of Mr. Blaine's (Mulligan Series) you published. If you think that will influence voters against him, you, as well as Mr. Opper, had better soak your massive (?) brows, and see if you can not then get a clearer idea of the common-sense of the American people.

ONE OF PUCK'S FORMER ADMIRERS.

You can't see any dishonesty in a public official who offers his services as a public official to a lobbying railroad company? Can't, eh? Well, you are just the man to vote for Blaine—to vote in five or six districts, too, if you had the chance.

CLAUDIAN J.—Nay, Claudian, it will not do. This plantation philosophy business is getting very feeble. Anybody can do it, and pretty much everybody is doing it. Why, look here:

"Tain't de best hog what allus gits de mos' corn.
Debbil ain't got no use fo' an ice-house.
Pay-day cures de lame nigger.
Nigger don't git no co'n's dancin'.
Smart clo's don't make no paid tailor's bill.
Hit am off'n de brackest nigger dat runs away wid de ole man's rich da'ter.

There, that's what our Idiot Editor ground out in just 3:39½. He fills his post acceptably at present. When he leaves a vacancy, we'll send for you.

A CARD.

IGNOMINIOUS ARTIST.—The holding of the poisoned chalice to your perjured lips is postponed for one week. The poison needs more brewing.

AROUSED EDITOR.



RAISING THE FUNDS

In the Sixteenth Century, Tetzel and his corrupt fellow-priests openly sold Absolutions and Dispensations, and played upon the fears of the People to f¹ offers
Will the Star-route Money-leeches please take notice that History Repeats Itself?



S BUY THE PRESIDENCY.

to flatters, and keep themselves in power and place and shameful luxury. A little later, they were swept under in the cleansing flood of the Great Reformation.

THE POET AT THE TABLE.

I.—SCRAMBLED EGGS.

"These scrambled eggs," remarked the comic poet, as he sat down to the table the other morning: "remind me very much of that beauteous wild-flower, that gypsy of the meadow, that vagrant of the wayside, that satrap of the wood, that messenger-boy of the thicket—the golden-rod.

"It is pleasant to see nature impressed on one's breakfast, and to revel in her manifold beauties and mysteries, and live in a realm of music and enchantment while a gross but necessary appetite is being satisfied.

"Here do I see the light and airy golden-rod—that sweet fairy that illuminates the September landscape—right in a dish of scrambled eggs; and I can also see in it the ripples of gold that crawl dreamily across a sunset sea. And I can also discern the amber honeysuckles that make the bees happy in June. And then my fancy floats from the honeysuckles to the glistening and dainty Mayonnaise bangs of an old enslaver.

"It is strange how inspiring and full of pleasant suggestions these scrambled eggs are. What a rich warm gold! In them I see the bright hearts of the daisies, and the fluttering leaflets of the Autumn as they are borne along through the sad, dreamy haze by the breeze that whirls them in lively eddies. O sweet scrambled eggs, you are too sweet to devour! You are a consolation and a spiritual message that falls on my dreams like a gentle benediction. You carry me back to my boyhood with your exquisite golden goldness!

"Again I observe the glossy buttercups that blew in the field down by Paynter's Woods. Those were the sweetest buttercups that ever blew before or since. And the plate of scrambled eggs brings them all back, and makes them brighter than they were then, and sets in all the landscape, and the blue skies, and the swamp that it was a pleasure to wade through for the purpose of killing bull-frogs with a shinney, to fry in butter on a tin plate, in order to prevent a trip home at noon on those old never-to-be-forgotten Saturdays when there was no school, and we had nothing to do but have fun.

"And the more fun we had, the more we wanted our school-days to pass, that we might get into business. And after we got into business, and had been in it about a week, we thought we should like to be back at school again. And with the old school-days comes Smith. Smith was the principal of the school, and, if I remember rightly—and I think I do—his hair was about as yellow as a dandelion. And he was built like a dandelion, too; and when he put on his long duster, he looked yellower and more like a dandelion than ever. And as I remember him and his yellow rattan, and his awful facility for landing on the thumb-joint, I am almost tempted, at this late day, to even matters with him. But I won't do it; I will forgive him for all he did. I will not take advantage of him now as he did of me then. I will say that he corrected me, and started me on the road to prosperity, and that if he never corrected me, I should to-day be a hard-working man, and not a corpulent bond-holder with a gold-headed cane and a fob.

"And I also think of that pugnacious and game little fellow who was always addressed as 'Yaller,' a name to which he answered cheerfully. He was just as yellow as he was bright, and he was just as bright as he was left-handed; and if a larger boy struck him, he generally managed to counter. And our teacher wished he was dead when 'Yaller' was feeling well. He was the yellowest boy in the class, or in the school, for that matter. He was as yellow as the cover of a ham. And as I look upon the

scrambled eggs, as lovely as molten gold, I think of him, and also of the orchard that we used to enter for the purpose of appropriating the farmer's apples. Those sweet yellow apples dance in my memory yet. I can see them hanging from the old, bent, gnarled limbs, whose leafless fingers held the lone deserted nest. The golden apples of the Hesperides were nothing to the golden apples on Williams's farm. No other apples ever had the flavor that those apples had. And I shall never forget them as long as I have anything like a just appreciation of apples.

"Ah, gentle scrambled eggs, you revive the old yellow dog that some youthful wag dubbed The Gold-Bug. It is not necessary to describe the dog or say much about him. He was simply the yellowest and best dog I ever saw. He used to go swimming with us, and begin to linger in the rear as we approached the water. And when we were swimming, he sat on his haunches about a quarter of a mile away, and refused to join the party for fear of being thrown in.

"I also see in your gentle scrambled eggship seas of delicious Sauterne. It is as much music to the five senses as anything can be, and it revives memories of many a pleasant feast—which reminds me that I am pretty hungry now, and had better eat you before you turn into a hundred pretty butterflies and flutter gently out of my reach."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

WHO CAN TELL what a Day may bring forth?
Scovil—if he will.

THE SLOGAN OF LOGAN.

"Now fall in line, Enoch and Susie and Cyrus; Stick forth your chest, Sammy, and face about, Dan; Your toes turn out, Tucker. Right dress! There, Cornelius,

Viola and Mary, go thump the big pan."

For this is the slogan

Of Logan, of Logan—

The slogan of Logan,

Of Logan, his clan:

Let all his relations

Grab Government rations

And fattest of stations

Wherever they can!

"Fours right! Forward march! With your best foot out, Mollie, Your eyes on the clerkships, John, Taylor and Ned. Civil Service reform! That's all Pharisee humbug. What's Uncle Sam for but to butter your bread?"

So shout the bold slogan

Of Logan, of Logan—

The slogan of Logan,

Of Logan, his clan:

Let all his relations

Grab Government rations

And fattest of stations

Wherever they can!

"But listen, dear Enoch and Susie and Cyrus; Unfurl your ears, Samuel—Johnny, my son: What I shudder to think is, if I'm not elected You're sure to be fired out—bounced, every one!"

Then groan the sad slogan

Of Logan, of Logan—

The slogan of Logan,

Of Logan, his clan:

"If he's not elected

We'll all get ejected—

Yes, each one projected

By Cleveland's brogan!"

G. LARRABEE IUM.

ONE IS ENOUGH!



[W. Keifer's constituents in Ohio refused to renominate him for Congress.]

REPUBLICAN.—"GET OUT! ONE TATTOOED MAN IS QUITE ENOUGH FOR US!"

PUCK'S CURT JOURNAL.

A Record of High Old Life.

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE YOUNG MAN CALLED JENKINS.

[NOTE.—Mr. T. Adolphus Jenkins avails himself of the earliest opportunity to inform his numerous readers and the public generally that, for certain prudential reasons sufficiently obvious to the dullest comprehension, he has caused to be procured and securely fastened to that section of his pantaloons where it may best serve a commodious sheet-iron plate of great strength and durability, fully warranted to successfully withstand the heaviest leather and the rudest shocks.]

Q. S.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is *en route* somewhere, but having failed to hand in his customary *carte itinéraire*, we are unable to say for certain whether he is doing the fashionable resorts or gone a-fishing. It may be remembered that he was not nominated for the Presidency—very much to his own satisfaction, no doubt; but then he has just ordered fifteen brand-new suits from his favorite tailor, and is, as “the boys” generally remark, “doing quite well.”

SECRETARY FREDERICK THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, always partial to foreign affairs, as his name might well indicate, has taken up his abode in New Jersey. Worn and wearied by his struggles with The American Hog Abroad, and saddened somewhat, it may be, by the depressing indifference of his fellow-citizens at home, the Porcine Statesman has repaired to his Summer Palace at Basking Ridge, Somerset County, where his works do *not* follow him, and where only the marsh mosquito makes melancholy music to the murky moon. Let not the good man be disheartened, however, nor utterly cast down. Another revolving year shall return him to his former occupations—chasing the fleet-winged gallinipper over the saline meadows, and digging the succulent clam from its secret hiding-place beside the sounding sea.

MR. WILLIAM McGLORY, who has been on a somewhat protracted visit to Blackwell's Island, is expected home shortly with a clean bill-of-health, morally speaking. This will be McGlorious news to the *habitues* of Hester Street. It is rumored incidentally that William will come out for the Tattooed ticket. Perhaps he will run for Congress.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, having partaken of the husk of the Cow-boy, prodigal-like, is said to have rung the back-yard gate-bell of the Blaine mansion recently, and sent in the following message by Bridget, maid-of-all-work: “Tell the governor that ‘the young gentleman is outside who was implored to return to the bosom of his family, and everything would be forgotten.’” As regards the disposition of the calf, nothing is yet known.

FOLGER, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, is “At Home” to his rural constituency of Geneva, N. Y. He looks somewhat older than he did twenty-five or thirty years ago; but that is nothing very extraordinary—most people do. As a Cabinet Member he is generally voted a success; but as a Gubernatorial Candidate—well, we should smile! His prodigious two-year-old race impressed an Onandaga-Rutabaga Republican with the idea that “the Judge was a-runnin’ wrong-eend forder fer wunst.”

U. S. GRANT, Esq., late inactive member of the once world-renowned firm of Grant, Ward & Co., is regarding the shifting sands and watery waste of Long Branch sea-beach—types of land and sea-scapes strikingly emblematic of his recent business experience in Wall Street. Mr. Grant is out of politics, or perhaps politics are out of Mr. Grant—it doesn't appear to matter much whichever way you put it. Somebody has composed a little musical ditty for the edification of his gayer hours, entitled “*Le Financier s'Amuse*,” the opening stanza of which has a Bab-Balladian echo:

“Oh, I ain't a banker of great renown,
Nor a broker of high degree,
Nor a check-clerk mite,
Nor a share-sharp, quite,
Nor the late firm of Grant-Ward. See?”

We don't—but pass.

BILL CHANDLER, Warwick-in-General to Embarrassed Governments and Temporary Ruler of the Roach Navee, has gone to see in the Tallapoosa—whom, it is not known definitely, but can easily be “guessed” from certain suspicious movements reported off Bar Harbor. Billiam is not modest, neither is he over-respectful toward his official chief; but on one fact you may safely wager your solitary and final ducat—that he “never will put off his old love before he's put on the new.”

THE YOUNG MAN CALLED JENKINS.

THE ST. PATRICK CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of this organization was held at Larry Mooney's Flat, on the corner of Parnell Avenue and Garbage Square, Goatville, on Tuesday evening last. It being the last meeting of the current year before the members departed from the city—which many of them, through a superindulgence in picnics and other hilarious celebrations, were accustomed to do upon the invitation of the City Justices—it was deemed advisable to elect officers for the ensuing term, holding office until Christmas. The flat was crowded with the new members sworn in at the previous meeting by Larry Mooney himself, who, having previously donated the use of his suite, was allowed to carry the affairs of the club with a high hand for one night only.

As President McGarrity remarked: “Mooney wuz a foine man to rastle wid an ash-can, and could hould morelicker thin any man, woman or goat in Ashtown; but as an administrathor av parlymintry law he wuz not'in' more nor less than a gossoon fram Gowanus.”

Before President McGarrity made this remark ambition had seemed to play no part in Larry's heart; but to be compared with a Gowanusian was more than the spirited Goatvillian could stand, and the President's remark spurred him on. He therefore went canvassing among the numerous sons of Ireland in his neighborhood, and at the meeting in June had prepared two courses of action. One was in a spirit of harmony, while the other was Sullivanatic. He rose majestically in the meeting, and said:

“Mister Prisident McGarrity an' ginthilmin: The St. Patrick Cloob is an arginization av grate power in this land. It comprises amoong its members some av the leading loights of the pulithikle horizon. Oi luk about me, an' phwat do Oi pursave? On moi roight is a Mooligan, the loikes av which tickles in the re-varse way av his furr the ginthilman who axpicts to be Prisident av our new Oireland. Besoide him we have Micky Doo, the proddher av Loggin; McGlavy, the esteemed Jimmecrat, an' Tim Finnigan, the Collector av the Port av Ash-town. Sich is our cloob. But, ginthilmin, whoile we have them oondyin' names on our roosterum, let us not be vainglarious. Thayre is moor widout the dure beggin' to be admittied to our gatherin's, an' Oi move we take them, wan an' all, *adhlibitum non disputandum*”

PUTTING A PREMIUM ON PECULATION.

THE HELPING HAND.

CANADA OFFERS EVERY SOCIAL ADVANTAGE TO ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN OF EASY MORALS AND FINANCIAL AGILITY.—*Adv.*

THE HOSPITABLE HEARTH.



go bragh. In the words av the pote: 'Lit the gud angiles coom in! Coom in! Coom in!'

At this point Mooney's voice was raised to a very high pitch, and the door being thrown open, twenty-seven Celtic angels, arrayed in easy-going Summer costumes, such as may be seen on any clothes-line in the rocky portions of the city, consisting chiefly of red flannel and patches, walked into the room. Upon their faces were expressions of such a quality that the members of the club, numbering only seven at that meeting, did not have the heart to black-ball a single applicant, and they were all sworn in openly and sworn at mentally.

McGarrity welcomed the new members, and requested that the next time they came to meeting they remember the door-mat was before the door, and the meeting-room was not generally used as a store-room for superfluous mud.

The most exquisite harmony prevailed between the old and new members.

Contractor Bragen arose and remarked that "he moved the matin' adjourn whoile he wint out an' got a breath av air, the whole av which the new ginchilmin had consummated to thayre own persons since thayre honorin' the cloob wid thayre loongs."

The motion was lost by a vote of twenty-seven to seven, the new members going solid against the old.

Father Heeney, an old member, asked permission to debate on the motion to adjourn, which the President granted; but Mooney insisted that it be put in the form of a motion, in which he was supported by the new-comers, who were evidently becoming restless. Father Heeney did not speak; and shortly after having shown his strength to the club, Mooney moved and seconded the motion "that the matin' adjourn oontil Jooly, whin they reassamble at the risidince av Misher Mooney, whare, whoile we have perfict confidince in the admindistrition av our Prisidint, we proceed to elict his soocissor."

The motion was carried by a vote of twenty-seven to seven.

During the month excitement ran high, and when finally the night of the July meeting came, Ashtown was in a ferment. The original St. Patrick Club threatened to bolt if their man was not made President; and while they were holding a caucus, previous to going to meeting in Bragen's saloon, word came that, a quorum being present, the meeting at Mooney's had commenced, and they rushed up to his flat, and upon arriving there found a committee of three—new members—escorting Mr. Mooney to the chair, to which he had just been elected by acclamation, polling twenty-seven votes—those of new members.

The old party—strictly speaking the party of the "left"—were unable to enter the room by the doors; but with the aid of those from the inside soon got through the walls. Once in the room, a debate was carried on until the lights went out and the flat toppled over Goat Cliff into Riverside Drive, where the whole club were taken charge of by a few members of a neighboring precinct.

Mooney told the Justice the next morning that "no man cud call him unambitious wid impunerty, an' if the Justhice wanted to thry it on, let him coom doon an' rastle; he wasn't no goat fram Wayback."

The next meeting will be held at Blackwell's

SOLID WISDOM.



CURATE (to new villager).—"How is it, Mr. Blank, I never see you at our church?"

MR. BLANK.—"The fact is, I hold the responsible position of cashier and confidential clerk in a large mercantile house, and by becoming a member of any religious body I should insure my instant dismissal. Good-day!"

Island, where that part of the quorum that escaped going to the hospital have engaged rooms for the next three months. Especial honors have been shown Mooney, who, as President, received six months. JOHN KENDRICK.

DOG AND GUN.

Put away that gun, young man. It is August, and you can't shoot prairie-chickens until next September.

P. S.—You can't shoot them then, unless you can shoot a great deal straighter than I can. The game-laws of Iowa allow a man to shoot only twenty-five birds in one day. Last season I was out five days. I have now suits pending against the State for 124 prairie-hens due me, as my quota under the law. I found one hen that somebody had shot and left over the year before. I gave the State credit for that fowl, although I didn't have to. But I don't like to be too hard on the State.

I used to be very fond of shooting. I had a pair of high-limbed Marie Antoinette boots, and a shooting-jacket as full of pockets as a dog is of other things, and an Elizabethan belt fluted for cartridges. And a dog. Yes; I owned a dog, and the dog owned the lunch-basket. He was and is, for he still lives, a thoroughbred; a Gordian setter of the deepest dye.

You guess knot?

Büt he was. He was a Gordian setter, because that's the way he always untied the rope that bound him to the kennel's beetling edge.

He soon lost all respect for me after he had been out in the field with me two or three times. I always enjoy shooting with an empty gun, quite as much as with one that is loaded, and I manage to bring down about as much game. When I wrote up thrilling accounts of my day's shooting for the local paper, the narrative always read just like similar narratives of fishers and hunters in *Ramrod and Musket* and *Brush and Brook*, and the other sporting papers. I "killed" just as big trout and bagged as many brace of pheasants, and talked about the same way; took a column and a half to describe the shooting of a snipe no bigger than a sparrow.

"But you always supposed these fishing and hunting narratives in the sporting papers were true?"

So did I, my son, so did I, until I began to shoot. Those letters are electrotyped early in the season, and mortised for names of places. I've written yards of them in Summer, when there was no shooting. You save lots of time by writing them then.

Well, this Gordian setter—

What? Oh, the managing editor? Well, what is it? How? The foreman doesn't want any more of that dog? Well, I should hope he didn't. Who does want "any more of that dog," I should like to know? I hope that isn't an Indian barbecue. That dog needs muzzling? I suppose he does; this is the time of year for it; French muslin, I reckon. I don't know a sheep-dog from a ratter? There you're off; this is a sheep-dog I'm talking about; fleece was the most valuable thing about him; if that isn't a sheep— Hey? How long? Land, I don't know; he could howl long enough to make the night tired, and he used

— What? Well, that's what you said, anyhow. No room for the dog? Why, man, he didn't need any room; slept under the house, mostly; he didn't care for— Hey? Choke off on that dog? Well, that's what I am trying to lead up to, a joke on that dog. That's the point of the ta— Hey? Mark it dead? Why, course, if you say so. But he's alive now, thirteen years old, and the smartest dog in the State of— Hey? Won't have it? Hey? Good-by.

Now, that's just the way it is at this office. Man starts out on a dog-story that would make four columns if you'd let it take the trail free, and he's rung up and shut off before he gets to the dog's name. Bet a dollar the manager shoots and doesn't want a fellow to give away professional sporting secrets. I'll drag that dog in here yet if I have to bring him in a sausage-machine.—Robert J. Burdette, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

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HANAN & SON.

Of all the bores that come round with The Presidential year,
One is there that the universe
Unites to loathe and fear.
The dark horse and the favorite son,
And all that I could quote,
Are nothing to that fellest fiend,
The man that takes a vote.
Wherever one may ride or run,
He by his side may look
To see the fiend with pencil armed
And memorandum-book.
Wherever one may go he 'll hear
His by-no-means still small voice:
"Are you for Jones, the favorite son,
Or Smith, the people's choice?"

—Drake's Magazine.

LEARN to walk, young man, before you try to prance. Don't hunger and thirst for a boudoir car while you are the junior clerk and have to sweep out the store and sleep under the counter. If you are a young physician, don't expect to make it all in the first year. Your father rode four or five horses to death before he was able to put an Axminster on the office floor, and lean back in his sleepy hollow chair and announce that he would answer no calls after 6 P. M. If you are practising law, remember that the old attorney whose office you are sweeping out wore white hair, and not much of that, before he began taking whole farms for single fees in small cases. And bear in mind, too, that they didn't spend every cent of it as fast as they got it.—*Burdelle*.

"I THINK it's outrageous," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass: "Here it says in the paper that St. John has been nominated for President. It's bad enough making fun of live people, but when they begin lugging in the apostles it certainly is too much."—*Boston Post*.

BROWNING, the ball-player, was asked if he thought Cleveland would win. "No, dear," replied Peter: "neither of them has any chance whatever. The fight lies between Boston and Providence."—*Louisville Commercial*.

A "PRAYER HOSPITAL" has been opened in Erie for the reception of persons who are given up to death by physicians. "Prayer Hospital" is evidently a new name for a cemetery.—*Norristown Herald*.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is undoubtedly behaving himself, as nothing is said about him. This unfortunate man is never spoken of unless he is drunk or fighting.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THIS is indeed a world of change. If you don't believe it, count the number of dresses the women wear in one short day at the seaside.—*Boston Transcript*.

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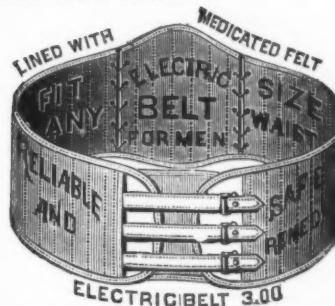
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"Are you the proprietor of this sylvan retreat?" he queried of a plain-looking granger.

"Eh?" with a puzzled expression.

"Are you the owner of this place?"

"I be," was the laconic reply.

"Can you accommodate me with a week's board and lodging?"

"I might—but what is your occupation?" demanded the farmer.

"I am an animal painter," replied the wearer of the overgrown hat.

"A animal painter, eh? Well, that's the confoundest trade I ever heard on. Don't mean to say you paint cows and hosses, and such like?"

"The same."

"Great jimmyn! The idea of paintin' a hoss! My friend, I'm afeared you won't get many hosses and cows to paint around these parts; but there's my Durham bull tied in the stable—if you'll give him a coat or two of the latest style of paint—make him look *on rags*, as the French say—I don't mind givin' you a couple o' dollars' worth o' board for the job. The bull is a little frisky, and nearly killed my hired-man day before yesterday, an' I hain't been able to go near the animal since, so you want to be a little keerful when you paint him. 'Spose you paint half of him red and the other half blue, and put some white stripes onto him? Is it a whack?"

It was not a "whack."—*Drake's Magazine*.

Now is the time of year that the gay and dashing yachtsman puts on his white flannel suit, goes down aboard his yacht, sees that everything is in readiness for a cruise, and then comes ashore, takes a train, and meets the vessel at Newport.—*Boston Post*.

HE would indeed be a brave man who would go into a brewery to solicit subscriptions for the Prohibition campaign fund.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

A LOBSTER always blushes when he gets into hot water, but man, less sensitive, presents an unaltered front.—*Boston Budget*.

WANTED—A political speech in which the able orator does not say "Nay, more," etc.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

PATCHES are considered a sign of poverty, except when they are in a crazy-quilt.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

THE latest fashion in trousers is to melt a dude and pour him in hot.—*Paris Beacon*.

STICK to your last"—especially if it is a fifteen-cent "Henry Clay."—*Lif*.

THE inner man—A convict in jail.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

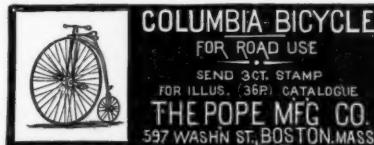
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My roguish, rollicking Harry
Was ready to bound into bed;
His brown eyes were brimful of mischief,
But gravely he bowed down his head.

"O Lord, bless dear papa and mama,
Bless me and dear Flossie and Ben,
And make me a good little—*nigger*,
For Christ's sake, dear Jesus. Amen."

"My darling," I answered him, sadly,
"Do you know that whenever you pray,
Our dear, loving father in heaven,
Is listening to hear what you say?"

And what if the dear Lord should answer
The prayer you have uttered to-night,
And change to a negro's complexion
Your skin, now so rosy and white?"

"Oh, mama!" my darling cried wildly,
While loud sobs his broken words choke,
"I'll tell the Lord, quick, I don't mean it;
'Twas only—'twas only a joke!"

—Mrs. J. B. Lummis, in *Justice*.

A COMPROMISE is where you kick like an army mule when you don't get what you want, and then accept twice as much as you expected to get. If you don't get what you want, compromise.—*National Republican*.

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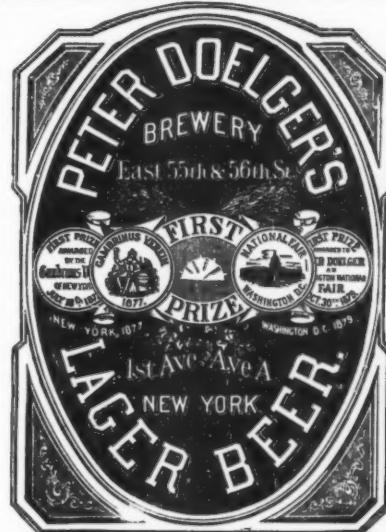
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"BURKE'S"**"BURKE'S"**

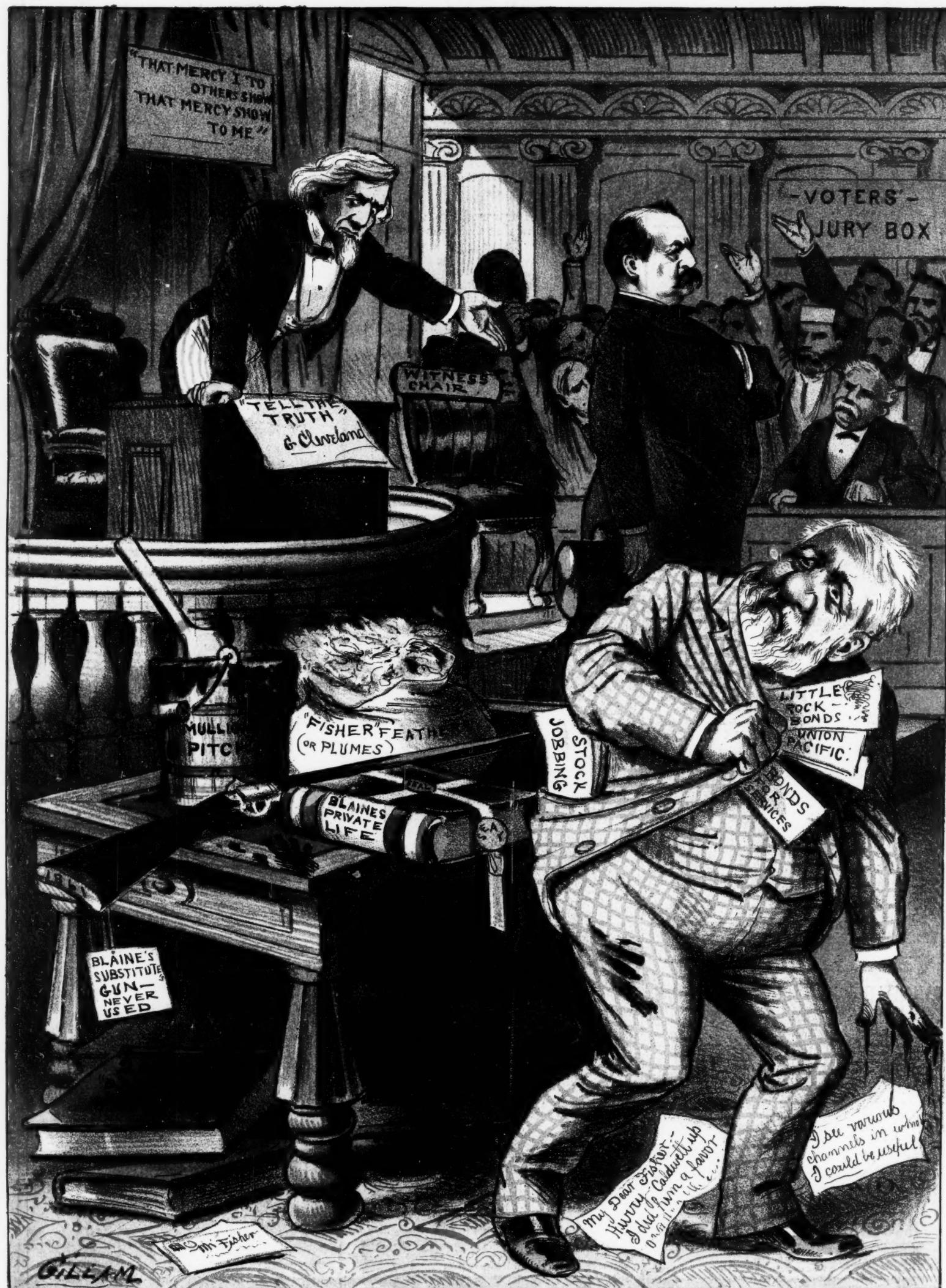
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